

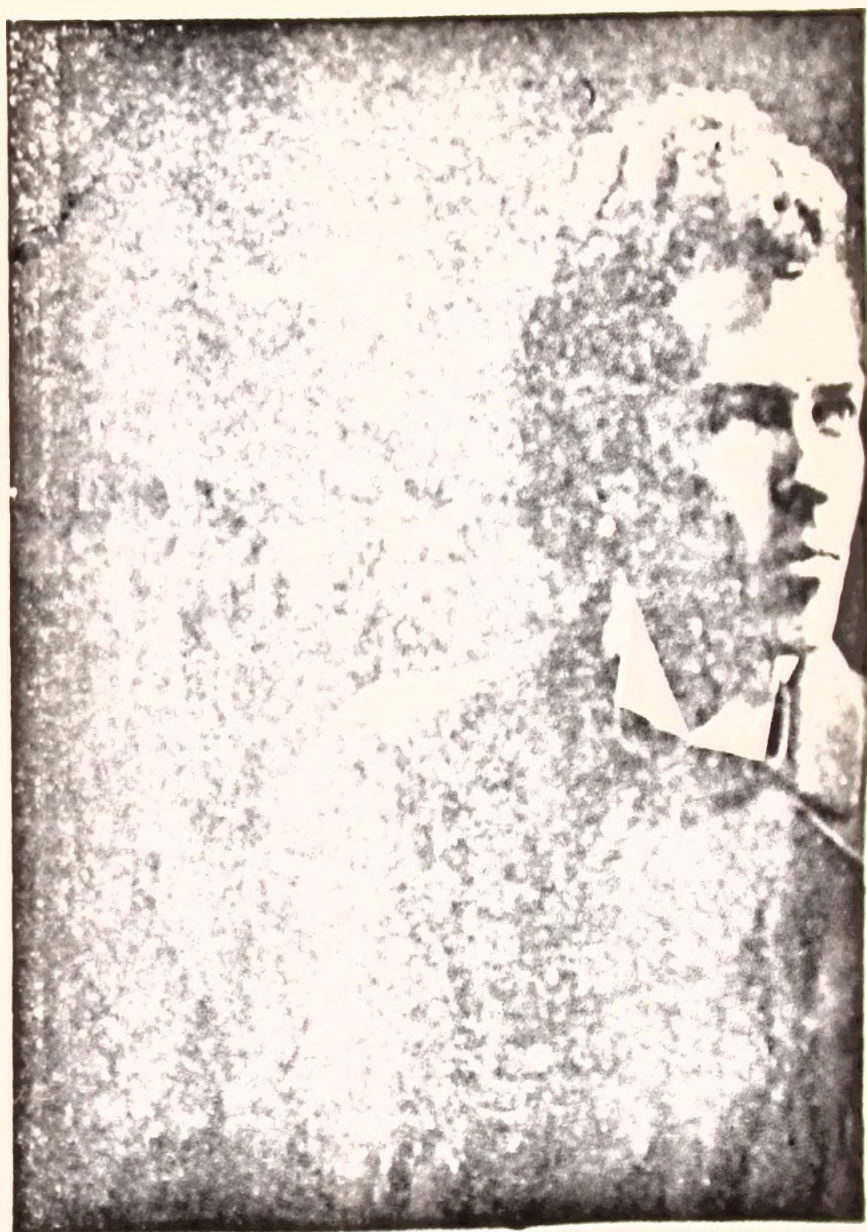
Dedicated to Literature, Science, Philosophy and Social Pol

Moral and Spiritual Significan

By J. STITT WILSON.

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African in America. Let us submit Capitalism
to the same test.

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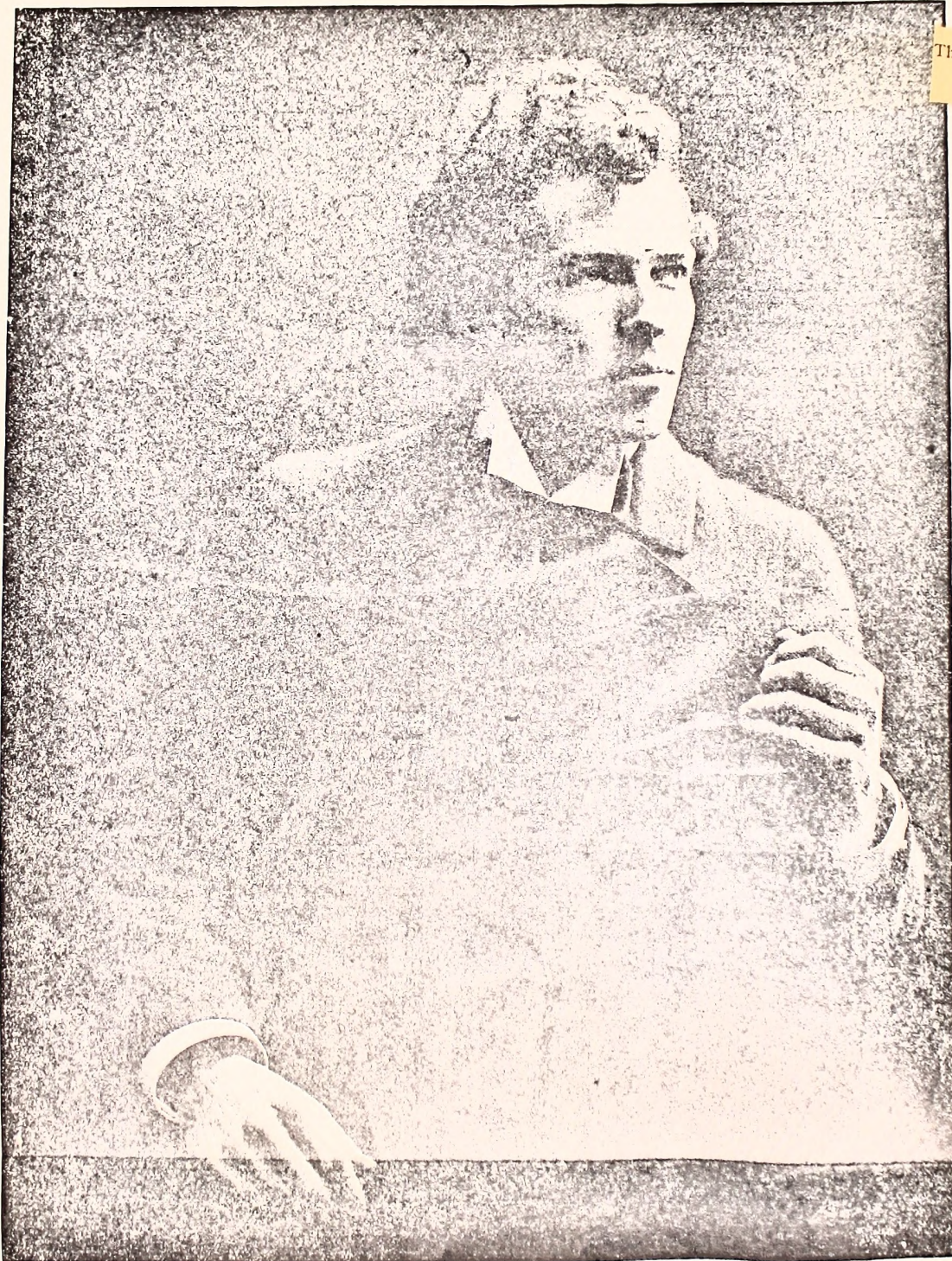
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Moral and Spiritual Significance of Socialism.

By J. STITT WILSON.

1. Socialism is not primarily a movement for Moral or Spiritual Regeneration of the People.
- 2... Socialism does not come with a message to the individual man concerning his morals or his habits, or does it come directly to

the Working Class, by which the industrial affairs of the nation may be so organized as to abolish the present economic slavery of Capitalism. Socialism is the answer to the Bread-and-Butter Problem of the Working Class, and through them for mankind.



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answer any Spiritual Longing of the human consciousness. This must be frankly stated for clear thinking.

3. Socialism is primarily a Program of Political Action, for

Socialism answers the first need of the people—Life and Labor with Liberty.

4. But Socialism, by virtue of its essential relation to human

need, cannot be purely economic and purely political. There is no such thing as a purely abstract economic problem.

5. Every problem and proposition that deals with human needs, human suffering, or the emancipation of human life to larger meanings, is also Moral and Spiritual, in the largest meaning of those terms. The very nature of man compels this.

II.

1. How do we test the Moral or Spiritual significance of any movement or state of society?

2. We have a three-fold answer. Evolutionary Science, Practical Christianity and the Common Social Conscience of Men of Good Will all agree in the following four tests.

By each of these tests the present Capitalist, or Competitive System, stands condemned without appeal.

By the same tests the Socialist movement is elevated to a supreme place, as the bearer of great Moral and Spiritual treasures of mankind.

III.

1. JUSTICE—The establishment of equality of opportunity.

(a) Social Science tells us that in the history of the race those actions were accounted moral which tended to thwart the ruthlessness of private interests when they conflicted with the welfare of the Social Whole, or Public Good, of Security of All.

Christianity—differing in a thousand creeds on other points—agrees with the report of science in this respect, and places before her worshippers the example of Jesus, who said "I lay down my life for the sheep."

The sense of Good-Will among men, unschooled in science, untrained in churches, perceives this elemental demand for Justice.

(b) Now Capitalism is fundamentally unjust. President Roosevelt calls for a "square deal." Does he not know that Capitalism has the cards all stacked and the dice all loaded in all its dealings with humanity? Capitalism is a gambler, a thief, a robber—abstracting from the people what they produce, and piling it up where it was never earned.

Capitalism is immoral. It is incarnate Social Injustice. It has the ethics of the jungle, where might makes right, except that it is economic might and legalized exploitation instead of sheer brute energy of the wolf or the thug.

(c) Socialism in its various aspects, on the other hand, is the only movement in the world today that aggressively seeks to establish Justice among men in the use of the materials and equipment which we all must use in order to live. Even the Christian church is at present in complicity with Capitalism against Socialism. (See Vice-President Fairbanks' speech before the M. E. Conference (South).)

2. BENEFICENCE. Help to the Suffering.

(a) The essence of this test consists in interference with any condition which inflicts suffering upon human beings, and which positively adds to their happiness and gladness.

It has found expression from the earliest days of Christianity and earlier, down through all great religious and moral revivals, in all forms of effort to care for the miserable, the wretched, the poor, the beaten and baffled in the struggle for Life.

(b) Up to the present time this spirit of beneficence has dealt largely with effects. The most modern illustration is the enormous amount of labor and money expended by the Salvation Army in feeding the poor, clothing the naked, providing shelter for the homeless, ministering unto the wreckage of human life in our great cities.

(c) But Socialism comes to change the whole program of Human Beneficence, to perfect it, by dealing with causes, and not with effects.

Capitalism makes more poor and hungry, and naked, and homeless, and leaves a greater host of human wrecks in its trail than all the charities, benevolences and philanthropies can ever touch. The San Francisco earthquake is nothing compared to Capitalism in its power to produce misery in the midst of abundance.

Socialism comes to so organize industry that such social wreckage will be impossible.

Capitalism is the wolf now laying down the sheep for the fleece and the flesh the profits. Socialism comes to destroy the wolf, to use the mighty powers of civilization for the sake of the People. Socialism is Scientific, Twentieth Century Rationalized Philanthropy. Socialism is Good-Will to men organized before we cause the suffering—not after.

3. The Elimination of Strife and the Amelioration of the Severities of the Struggle for Existence. Let us submit Capitalism and Socialism to this test.

(a) The Competitive System is simply the industrial form still in the world of the brute struggle for life, with all its cruelty, severity, strife, hate, selfishness and greed. It is the jungle dressed up, legalized, sanctified by collusion of false spiritual teaching. Capitalism promotes and rewards cunning, deceit, treachery, chicanery, falsity and every other lower propensity and practice

necessary for man to carry out his private gain and greed at expense of his fellow man.

(b) The great scientists Huxley, Ward, Drummond, and others declare that the goal of moral and spiritual evolution is the "elimination of strife, antagonism and the clash of selfish personal interests," and "the amelioration of the severities of the Struggle for Life by the more perfect operation of the principle known as the Struggle for the Life of Others."

From this standpoint the whole force of science is dead against Capitalism, and totally for Socialism. (Read Henry Drummond's "Ascent of Man," chapter on Struggle for the Life of Others.)

(c) The argument runs as follows:

(1) The ethical sentiment—the Struggle for the Life of Others—or Love must inevitably overcome the Strife and Selfishness of the competing interests of men.

(2) The Social Principle corresponding to Love and Brotherhood is the principle of Co-operation. That is to say, Co-operation is the only materialized form in which the Life of the race can express itself. By this principle alone strife is eliminated and suffering ameliorated.

(3) Now Industrial Co-operation is the basic proposition of Socialism. The proposition of Socialism is that since we must struggle for Life that we should collectively own, and co-operatively administrate the resources of Bread-Getting—order that no single individual could monopolize those resources; and in order to so guarantee Equality of Opportunity in use of the same. Like the use of the streets or the schools, where use is guaranteed to all, but not to the special privilege of some, and the exclusion of others.

(4) That is to say, the goal of moral and social evolution cannot be reached by Competitivism, but by Co-operation, or Socialism. Socialism is Brotherhood, Love and Freedom demonstrated in Industry. The total argument of real Christianity as well as Science is wholly for Socialism.

4. Socialism as a movement Spiritualizes the Individual Life though it comes making no proposition to the Soul. It works by indirection.

(a) What constitutes the Spiritual Significance of any movement or fact?

Religion, Philosophy, Literature, Art, Nature—each of these spiritualizing to the extent that it releases the personal consciousness from the merely limited private self to the universal Self—the Soul. Man is the epitome of the universe. The Soul of Humanity is the Heart of the Universe incarnate—the Soul of God. Man is God manifest in the flesh. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me" said the Christ.

(b) By forcing the individual to the bitter battle of man against man; and by making the possession of private property the key and in all of the security of existence to the individual; and by making private property the key and test of success and the basis of freedom from human need; these characteristics of Capitalism compel the consciousness of the individual to function firmly in the base lies of egoism and egotism, and absolutely strikes a death-blow at the very soul's release to the Universal or Spiritual Consciousness. Even capitalistic religion so reflects the "egoism" of Capitalism that the very search for the Salvation of the Soul becomes a refined and subtle form of selfishness, if not greatly released from the whole Capitalistic atmosphere.

(c) The pursuit of private property, imperative under Capitalism, expressed either in the greed and luxury, the pride and power of the very rich, or the fearful hell of penury and want of the struggling poor, or the mere mad rush for private gain everywhere—this literally "damns the Souls" of the people. That is, it so functions the private personal self in the pursuit of personal ends as to prevent the release of the Soul into the Universal Life which is God. The only damnation possible to a soul is to be unreleased from self. This Capitalism grandly accomplishes. Capitalism is anti-human. It holds the soul in sub-human areas. It traffics in human souls, but carries the air of sanctity.

(d) Socialism never once mentions the individual soul. It never once hints that you have your "self to save." Socialism is utterly silent about your spiritual welfare. I have said it is an economic movement.

But Socialism, by the very vacuum of its awful silence about the individual soul, and by its unspeakable call to save human beings from the brutal onslaught and ruthless savages of Capitalism—thus does Socialism make its devotees Cause-Conscious. By an Indirection that is almost absolute, Socialism releases the private, personal, limited, empirical "ego"—life, or self-life, into the Life of Humanity. "He that loses his life (for Humanity—the temple of God) finds it," said Jesus. This is Salvation by Indirection.

Conclusion. The Capitalist System is a vast Social Criminal and Religious Hypocrite which must be put away with priest-craft and king-craft and slavery into the Waste Basket of History.

Editorial Department.

The Packing-House Infamy.

It is more than probable that every reader of this magazine has read the sickening details growing out of the President's investigation of the Chicago packing houses, so we will not attempt to here give more than a brief discussion of the horrors that were brought to light.

The meat-eating world alone is the victim of the monstrosities just divulged to the public gaze. For twenty-five years it has been known that the most infamous atrocities existed in the packing-house system of Chicago and other large cities, extending down to even the country stock-grower and the local butcher.

No one ever heard of a grower who would not work off his diseased and maimed animals on some one in some shape. He either kills the animals himself and takes the dressed carcasses to town and sells to a local butcher, or the local butcher buys the animals alive and kills and dresses them in secret and sells the meat to his customers.

In these latter days of the great packing-house system, the diseased animals are crowded into the cars and shipped to their destination, and we all know what becomes of them there.

A number of years ago I was running a daily newspaper at Clinton, Iowa. This beautiful little city lies on the western banks of the great Father of Waters, distant a hundred and thirty-eight miles from Chicago. There were quite extensive stock feeding yards at Clinton. It was the practice then to unload all stock cars at this point that came from the distant Western states and territories and give the animals a little rest and a good feed before reaching the slaughter pens. The cars were filled as full as they would hold with cattle and then a big drove of hogs were crowded in between the feet and legs of the cattle. Of course, many hogs were smothered to death, and both hogs and cattle were in a state of exhaustion, and often diseased conditions had set in, but the freight rates were so much less where two carloads were shipped in one that the shipper profited even though the death and maimed rate amounted to considerable. It was customary then, and still is, to work in cancerous-jawed and tuberculous cattle and swine in these shipments, but at the particular period I speak of not a great many of the latter reached Chicago—that is, the worst diseased ones did not. When the animals were unloaded at Clinton a lot of local butchers, and one local packer that I now recall to memory, whose plant was close to the stock yards, appeared on the scene and bought all the stock that was considered in too bad condition to ship to Chicago, where, it was claimed, only soap factory prices could be obtained for the diseased animals. The Clinton outfit would give the stockmen with the train a little advance on the Chicago market prices and then feed the stuff to their local customers at an immense profit. The local packer was getting rich at this business up to the time I exposed him in my newspaper. He stated in his legal complaint against me for libel, that I had ruined the sale of over fifteen hundred dollars' worth of his packed goods, but he never pushed the suit to trial, much to my disappointment.

The grower of the stock is equally responsible with the packer for the placing on the market of diseased meats. If the grower did not bring the diseased animal to market or sell

it, there would be no opportunity for the packer to vend the stuff.

But of course, the grower has nothing to do with the handling of the stock after it has reached the market and the filthy conditions which have always prevailed in all the packing plants in every city and clime. The very business of slaughtering animals is inhuman, degrading and depraved in its character. Meat-eating is the origin of the bloodthirsty characteristics of every race. It is a disease breeder. It is a licentiousness breeder. It is a lust breeder. It is the breeder of murderous instincts and depraved character.

Gaze for a moment upon the lustful, beefy face of the Chancellor of the Eastern college, just published in the newspapers, who stands alone before the American people as an assailant of the President and his investigating committee for the work they have performed in cleaning up the worst fester it has ever been God's privilege to allow to survive. Why, every pore in his body reeks with the filth of the stockyards. You can see it the moment your eyes are fastened upon him. You would expect nothing else from a face and mouth like his. It would simply be an impossibility for him to stand for anything else than the uninterrupted practices revealed in the slime of the Chicago packing morgues. We would naturally expect the Chancellor of one of our great colleges to raise his voice in defense of God's dumb creatures if he spoke at all, but in this case we are forced to witness the spectacle of a noted "educator," flushed crimson with brute instincts, trying to palliate the burning crimes and infamies of a festering system which has nauseated every American citizen whose blood is not infected by embalmed canned carrion sent forth as pure and wholesome food from the Chicago and other stock yards throughout the country.

A great step has been taken in the direction of the ultimate complete annihilation of all such systems as the meat trusts represent. Humanity everywhere is in search of better things to eat, and they are being found. This age is a progressive one. More things are "happening" in each twenty-four hours of this new century than were ever heard of before. The great thought waves which are encircling the earth today are on a higher plane than ever before. Millions upon millions of people are trying to find out how to live better, cleaner and purer lives, and ninety per cent of them are succeeding. This means the destruction, through lack of patronage, of the brute-creating slaughter pens which are the allied monsters of all the other slums of the world.

It were well to be privileged to draw a veil over this whole infamous business, but the time has not yet arrived when it were wise to refrain from keeping wide open the doors leading to the inner workings of every system which depraves and degrades the race.

Criminals everywhere are attracting just punishment. It is the law of compensation balancing up the books, that is all.

The maddening craze for the accumulation of wealth has foisted a new set of criminals upon the world that have never been paralleled in point of brazen audacity. It is the new criminal upon whom the eyes of the masses just now are focused. He may go abroad for a time and leave a "Chancellor" behind to plead his cause, but it will not avail. The Court of Last Resort is on his trail. The despairing moans and wails of the mute millions slain have reached the ears of the sitting Judge. The souls which gazed through pleading eyes

out into the hopeless sea of death and despair, are called as witnesses, and there will be no bribing of these.

The inheritance of blood spilled left behind by old Phil Armour is fast being dissipated. May his ghost never reincarnate on this planet.

Quakes, Caterpillars and Fleas.

WE HAVE a lot of dear friends up at San Francisco, or had previous to the great disaster. Many of them are still there. Some have moved away to different portions of the country. Most of those who still remain have been obliged to change their addresses, so our recent correspondence with the afflicted metropolis has been more or less numerous.

Most PATH-FINDER readers are philosophers. They never get rattled in the presence of a great emergency. They know whatever is meted out to them by the hand of the Great Overseer is a part and parcel of their possessions. That is to say, all things come in the nature of needed life lessons.

Hence it is that we find philosophers even in the midst of a great calamity such as was recently visited upon San Francisco and other northern cities of the State.

Apropos of the recent remarks in the PATH-FINDER treating on the disaster at San Francisco, we recently received a most interesting communication from one of our valued subscribers. It illustrates what we have just been talking about, viz., the philosophical trend which is found with all students of life who have come into the consciousness where fear loses its identity. We publish this letter as a helpful lesson to others who are struggling up the rugged heights, but have not yet quite reached the half-way house where the consciousness receives a new impetus which permits of no turning backward. Here is where we awaken to a full realization of our own mighty powers, and we begin at once the more difficult ascent leading to the Summit of our Highest Hopes.

None of us reach this Summit without a great struggle, but it is barred from no human being. All are invited. None are rejected who have made the ascent.

Our dearly-beloved sister discourses a little on the subject of fleas, caterpillars, etc., as allied destructive forces only second to the earthquake's depredations, still she apparently enjoyed the earthquake's manouverings in excess of the caterpillars' manouverings. I cannot say that I much blame her.

Once in the not very distant past, when I was a resident of Colorado, there was a reign—not to say rain—of caterpillars. They covered everything. The railroad tracks up the mountain slopes were so submerged that the trains were often stalled for several hours because of the greasy condition of the rails. Every green thing melted away like dew in the embrace of a tropical sun. Fur, hair, legs and eyes came through the city's water mains into our drinking glasses. The surfaces of the great mountain reservoirs were hidden from view with the slimy carcasses of the bewhiskered creepers. We could taste caterpillars the last thing at night and the first thing when we awakened in the morning. We slept with them and ate with them. Nearly every one reached the point where he would involuntarily hump up his spine and begin measuring the surface of the earth on all fours. As a matter of fact the majority of us had caterpillar tremens. There were caterpillars everywhere. For months we could see them in our dreams and taste them in our soup. The children waded to school through banks of caterpillars.

But suddenly a sweet, blessed day dawned upon us. There were no more caterpillars.

They had flown—what were left of them—as they had hatched. They had exchanged their fur apparel for gorgeously decorated wings with which to fan the daisy blossoms, and traffic was once more unimpeded. Soon the trees and the mountain slopes were again bedecked with the green. Even the majestic twin Hercules, which stand towering as mute sentinels at the gateway leading to the picturesquely unparalleled Seven Falls which shoot a thousand feet down the precipitous mountain incline into the very lap of beautiful Colorado Springs, smiled with gladness because of the transformation. Even the silent rocks do not like to be crept over all the time. With the Seven Falls it was different. No insect or hairy thing polluted these waters. The terrific sweep with which they whirled down the canyon steeps kept these waters as cool and pure as the snow-capped peaks whence they emanated. Each fall in the ascent took on new strength and power. They seemed to be alive and wanted to share their great energy with everything in reach. Now and then there was a slight hesitation as though stopping momentarily to touch their moistened lips to the scented flowers encircling the tomb of the beloved Helen Hunt Jackson; then the mad flight would again be taken up and the misty spray would settle down in showers on the distant hills and valleys.

Here is where we emerged from the reign of caterpillars. Here is where we always laid aside every burden which cast a cloud before our vision.

But, sister, we still know what caterpillars are.

Later on we were introduced to the California flea. We haven't the time just now to stop and dilate on the accomplishments and achievements of the Arkansas woodtick. We will take this up in another chapter. Our correspondent wants us to talk about fleas.

Up to a few nights ago I was the sworn, untiring, aggressive friend and defender of the California flea. Up to this fatal hour I had permitted the flea to play a thousand pranks up and down both my prostrate and upright form. I had allowed him to skip from the remotest portions of my anatomy to the inside of my left ear without a murmur. I looked at it all in the light of needed physical exercise. I was an exercise crank myself and why should I not encourage everything that tended to the uplifting of the race? Therefore I always heralded the incomings of this particular brand of flea with extreme pleasure and delight. I scouted the idea that a simple little flea could hurt any one. The whole thing was nonsense, thought it was barely possible that those who lacked the Mary Eddy brand of unfoldment might be occasionally annoyed by the flea's persistent presence. I, myself, had proven that I was flea-proof. This delusion, for it was a delusion, had nestled somewhere in the archives of my brain cells for upwards of two years. During this period it is evident that the flea was simply studying my system of demonstrating against insect annoyances to see if I was really fire proof. He found out and I am the wiser for it. My powers had vanished. Just when the transformation came I am unable to say. Perhaps it is all owing to my getting married. Married people seem to attract some things that other people do not. Anyway, the hour of my downfall had arrived. Suddenly something took possession of my whole body like a thousand flashes of chained lightning. I was hit in a million places all at one time. At first I thought some one was using a fish-spear on me or an ice chisel, only whatever it was, was a thousand times hotter than an ice chisel. I sat straight up in bed and yelled at the associate editor to ascertain if she had also been similarly assaulted. The

associate editor sleeps in an adjoining room. I keep her at that distance as it is good training for my voice. No response. I yelled again, still no sound. I listened. Steady and regular expirations and inspirations—the outgoings and incomings of etheric waves like the ocean tide—only reached my ears. The associate editor often has inspirations like these. But this has nothing to do with the subject matter in hand, or what I supposed I had in hand, for I grasped something with an iron grip and was holding it fast until such time as I might be able to cast the limelight of my vision full upon it. It was with great difficulty that I had lighted the gas, for at that particular moment I was not fixed for striking a match readily. I opened my hand and lo, and behold, there was nothing in sight. What ever it might have been had vanished as quickly as did Ogden Armour after the packing-house expose. I surveyed my anatomy perpendicularly, horizontally and cross wise. There were evidences everywhere of a fierce and victorious assault. The itching, fiery sensation was something appalling. I rushed hither and yon, principally yon. At this point the "little Boss" discovered that something a little unusual was transpiring. She bethought earthquakes and fire. Finally she yelled, "If you are on fire rush to the bathtub." I obeyed her command. I flew into the bath room, turned on a full head of water, jumped into the tub and then—awakened from my dream.

Now, if any one thinks that I am longer ignorant as to the habits and tastes of the California flea, let him pass through the experience which turned my wife's hair semi-blond in a single night.

If I have digressed slightly from the beaten path of strict orthodoxy, I trust my readers will excuse me. Here is what I started out to quote at the outset:

HEALDSBURG, CALIFORNIA.

"DEAR BROTHER CONABLE: Your editorial is good and timely, but it would be like shaking a red rag in front of a bull, to show it to some people, because they are not ready for the truth. In fact, thousands are only in the kindergarten of life's school, and have not the slightest idea, though they have read it in Sunday schools and church, that 'As ye sow so shall ye reap.' If I had not seen I never would have believed that people who in every day business life appear sane and level-headed could so quickly succumb to fear and act like irrational beings.

"Before the fear of death by earthquake had left them they were afraid of death by starvation, and rushed to the stores, buying up every particle of provisions available.

"The boundary line of the county they live in appeared to be the stretch of their imagination, or at least 'Frisco. They seemed to think all the wealth of the world was stored there, and when it burned down we would never be able to get any more. One small grocery store had nearly 300 orders booked at once. Even the professor of public schools went daft and had an order booked in seven stores at once for one ham, a dollar's worth of sugar and a sack of flour. Laugh! Why, I nearly cried, I laughed so hard, to see hard-headed men who ought to have some vestige of reason, buying up provisions enough to stock a fort. One of my neighbors said: 'You better go to town and lay in a stock.' I said: 'Oh, I don't belong to the rat family. I've got no use for a grocery store on hand. Sufficient unto the day is enough.'

"If this United States cannot supply one little corner of its vast territory with provisions it is time to emigrate. It was predicted that I would be very sorry for not getting a stock, but I am not sorry yet. So far so good.

Stores are being replenished and the world moving just the same.

"It surely was a wise precaution on the part of the Bank Examiners to close the Bank. If they had not done so, there would have been a stampede to which a Texas cattle state would have been nothing.

"Well, now on top of earthquakes we have a vast army of caterpillars. Some orchards have been so denuded that the trees look as if it were midwinter. Not a leaf or bit of fruit left on them. The go-easy people are waiting for them to cocoon out, but most farmers are out fighting the pest. My son and I have gone where we can breathe freely now, as they are nearly routed, but it has been a task. Millions of the nasty creeping things get on the tree and eat every leaf, then down that tree and on to another. Yes, we surely are getting all this is coming to us this year, but please, brother Conable, don't say I attracted these destructive pests. I have not yet got to where I can say 'I love them,' and don't believe I ever will, and as for killing them, just as sure as the sun shines I am going to kill all I can of fleas, flies and caterpillars.

"I lived in a house with a certain lady, your acquaintance and mine in San Francisco, who used to carry a flea to the window and turn it out on the unwary passer-by. She could not kill one, she said, because its life was precious. Maybe it is, but I rather agree with B. F. Dowd, when he says such things were created only of men's filth, so I neither want to create nor harbor them, and any flea that gets within reach will have a short shrift.

"I suspect you are looking to see if this letter is any longer, so I will spare you. When money is a little better circulated I will send some subscriptions. At present it is rather scarce up here.

"Wishing you happiness and success, I am

"Yours respectfully,

"SUSAN SWAYSGOOD."

J. Stitt Wilson.

THE PATH-FINDER is devoting space this month to the Hon. J. Stitt Wilson, the noted platform orator, writer and lecturer. We say "Hon." J. Stitt Wilson. This is not the usual appendage Mr. Wilson places at the beginning of his name. He often uses "Rev.," which he has a right to do, as for many years Mr. Wilson occupied an orthodox pulpit in Chicago. I use the word Honorable as it suits me better, and from my standpoint it fits Mr. Wilson better. To me the word Honorable means something worth while, while the other attachment, well, it has its drawbacks, and I dislike to see an honest, brainy, stalwart man like Mr. Wilson allied, even superficially, to something that is not up to his standard.

Earlier readers of this magazine will remember that Mr. Wilson contributed many able articles to its pages along Socialistic lines. Mr. Wilson is both an evolutionary and revolutionary Socialist. He believes that where the average human being cannot, or persistently refuses to understand the evolutionary processes by which he may come into full possession of his own heritage, that he should have such enlightenment pounded into him. In other words, Mr. Wilson believes that it is the duty of every individual who is living a life of social and industrial slavery, to throw off the shackles now and forever. If the individual is not strong enough to do this in his own might, then he must be helped—shown the way; led out of the wilderness. And to lead a fellow-man out of the wilderness necessitates the removal of the causes which have enslaved him.

History is being made fast. Men are changing their sun. The Democrats with new The app which has religious honest, ranks of of some and equ For a ly the hard were men of the than t prising in un vising stood That tious St have —b the A bro wic old cal tw sh fac to be m pl w tr a v h b

ing their views with each going down of the sun. The man who was a Republican or a Democrat last night awakens in the morning with new thoughts crowding through his brain. The appalling industrial and social infamies which have grown and fattened under existing religious and political conditions, are driving honest, thinking men and women into the ranks of—what? Anything to be on the side of something tangible that stands for freedom and equity in the life of the individual.

For a long time we have been studying closely the trend of public affairs, but it has been hard to keep pace with passing events. There were more sneak thieves and baron highway-men doing business under the protecting care of the religious pulpit and political rostrum than the "laity" dreamed of; so it is not surprising that many of us have been a little slow in undertaking the labor of analyzing and revising our own creeds. Many things which we stood for a few years ago are not tenable today. That is, they are out of date. The new conditions demand different treatment.

Stitt Wilson and a lot of other strong men have taken up the battle—not under a new flag—but the same old flag, placed in the hands of the country's real patriots.

A good thing, you know, may often be brought into disrepute by long association with wicked and lawless companions. So with the old flag. It has been appropriated as a political filibustering ensign—knocked about between the two old fraud parties until it is in shreds. Its stars are dim and its stripes are faded. Too many unsteady hands have tried to hold it aloft. Too many dizzy heads have been wrapped in its encircling folds. Too many efforts have been made to give it second place in a St. Patrick's Day parade. In a word, Old Glory has had a hard time of it trying to do duty at one and the same time for all the political renegades and hermaphrodites in the land.

There will be a new order installed which will take charge of Old Glory, and, bless her heart, not a single traitorous form will there be found in the folds of her glorious fabric.

In another column we give a splendid likeness of J. Stitt Wilson, also a few "slogans" from his gifted pen, touching upon the cause to which he is devoting the best efforts of his life.

THE PATH-FINDER wishes him God-speed.

"The Mystic."

"THE MYSTIC" is the name of a brand new monthly 16-page magazine put out by the Segnogram Publishing Co. of Los Angeles, and edited by William Walker Atkinson. Its price is ten cents a year. On its cover page we read: "A monthly magazine of Occultism, Esoteric Teachings, Arcane Science, the Ancient Wisdom, Oriental Philosophy, the Secret Doctrines, Mysticism, Psychic Research, Mental Power, the Inner Man."

Now there is something for you. A combination like that for ten cents a year beats "Billie" Towne's *Pointers* to a dead standstill. Our friend Atkinson keeps his pencil sharpened at both ends and writes with both hands, and best of all, he thinks with his thoughts and turns out live stuff as a spider unfolds its silk skeins. He can give old Buddha a block the start and then beat him around the corner—and all for one solitary dime. Drop your two nickels (or dime) in the Segnogram slot and watch for the delicious morsels that are especially prepared to feed your hungry soul. No one but William Walker would think of giving so much for so little in return. Still you can never tell what an "Oriental" is likely to do when

he once fills up on Occidental ether. But the advertising rates of this new 10-center—well, they are essentially Segnogramic. I cannot think that this particular department is wholly an emanation from the "Inner Life."

A Slugger's Philosophy.

A CHICAGO professional slugger named Gilhooley, after being convicted and sentenced by the Judge for beating up a non-union workman, thus delivered himself to the court officials:

"You can't raise boys in Chicago and make good men of 'em, least ways, not in the poor parts of the town. It's fight, fight, fight for every youngster, from the time he first skips off to school until they hold a wake over him. The kids whose folks are poor don't have no chance. Everything's against 'em.

"Look at this slugging case. It was a case of fight, wasn't it? Didn't the union men fight for themselves and the other fellows for themselves? And wasn't the bosses fighting both the others.

"If it's coming easy and you're a boss, you've got to stand for being bled for coin to pay big lawyers, and you've got to put up to help fight the union, besides givin' the double cross to the guy who thinks he's independent and fight the unions by workin' for you in strike times.

"If you live in a dirty district and hustle out early and work late, you've got to stand for bein' bled to keep up unions, pay walkin' delegates, hall rent, and all that, and when you want something and strike for it, somebody in the union with a yellow streak breaks and gets your job. Then you've got to fight for life itself."

True enough, a poor boy brought into the world in the slums of a great city has mighty little chance to make his way in the world. The wonder is that the criminal classes are not greatly augmented.

But what is to be done in cases such as Gilhooley recites? The youth must fight his way up or get left. To get left is to either become a criminal or starve to death. And if he fights, he is soon adjudged a criminal. So what is to be done?

Without education; without opportunity; born of parents whose own parents have suffered in poverty and ignorance all their lives, what is there for such an offspring?

Gilhooley tells the story in simple, pitying narrative. What are you going to do about it, fellow-creatures? Sit idly by and see this sort of thing go on indefinitely and without end?

In their ignorance and poverty these parents know nothing about the sin of bringing children into the world. They are like beasts. They know no better. And yet the children must suffer for the crimes of the parents unto the third and fourth generation.

The day must dawn when such conditions shall be changed. All children brought into the world must have a chance to rise above the level of their birth surroundings.

There is ample and to spare in this glorious old world of ours. Every child born must be given a chance to develop an industrious, honored manhood and womanhood. Anything short of this is a crime against our civilization.

It matters not who or what the parents are, or may be, it must be the duty of some responsible head to see to it that the child has a chance to lead something besides a criminal life.

There must be an awakening on this line lest the whole world drift hellward.

Postoffice Fraud Orders.

WE ARE glad to note that some decisive steps are being taken in the direction of relieving the Federal Postoffice authorities from the responsibility of passing arbitrarily upon the legitimacy of a publication entered in a postoffice under second-class privileges.

The National Editorial Association, recently assembled in Indianapolis, has undertaken a most commendable work in the direction referred to. The news reports from their gathering state that the committee appointed by the National Editorial Association to investigate the postal laws of the United States and make recommendations, reported favoring a modification of the present rule of obtaining a fraud order. This committee made an exhaustive report, covering in part the whole question of second-class postage.

"A legitimate publication, accorded second-class mail privileges," the report says, "should not be refused the same without due process of law, nor should any officer of the Postoffice Department have the right upon information, or upon his own motion, to issue fraud orders without a proper citation of party concerned and the hearing of the charges in open court."

This is something near what it should be. As the matter now stands, the Postmaster General has relegated to himself the onerous task of lawmaker, judge and jury, and the unfortunate publisher who, for some reason or other, it is thought best to ruin financially, by issuing a fraud order against him, is not even privileged to meet his accusers face to face in court or know upon what grounds the charges are made.

Every American citizen has a right to be heard in his own defense. He has a right to meet his accusers and compel them to either show their hand or withdraw their charges.

A number of publishers are suffering at the present time under the arbitrary ruling of the Postoffice Department. They should be given an opportunity to be heard before their business interests are wholly sacrificed.

Let the guilty suffer and be punished, but let no man be adjudged guilty until he has been given an opportunity to be heard.

This is the way they do things in Russia.

To the Olive Trade.

IN HIS desire to send forth to the outer world a brand of ripe olives and olive oil that would add to the reputation of California as being the source whence emanates all that is good and pure along the lines of a natural dietary, the editor undertook, some months since, to supply a demand for ripe olives and olive oil which seemed to be developing at great strides.

In our writings for years we had been creating a persistent demand for pure, natural foods. Today the olive oil industry has assumed great proportions. In fact, it has grown so great that the supply is inadequate to the demand, hence we are going out of the business and are sending back to our friends hundreds of dollars which we have received with orders for shipments of these goods.

Briefly told, the factory which was furnishing us with supplies, suddenly sold out everything to the jobbing trade; this in the face of the fact that we had been assured that enough goods would remain in stock to fill our orders. We were given no warning of this action, therefore had no time to notify our customers, hence this brief explanation.

So, rather than be caught again in a short market, we have decided to have nothing more

to do with the business. We regret the disappointment this statement will cause many PATH-FINDER readers, but we have no doubt that their wants can now be fully supplied in their home markets. Just demand the pure goods, that's all. Accept of no other.

By the way, a Rochester company handling California ripe olives and olive oil, is stating in its attractive circular that no olives are *ripe* that do not bear their name. This is a false statement, intended to deceive the public. There are any number of California companies putting out ripe olives and of the highest grades. A company that will deceive in one important matter will deceive in other ways, so look out for these people.

Send no more orders to us or to the Pure Food Supply Co. We are permanently out of the business.

The Price of a Bed.

IN ANOTHER portion of this issue of the PATH-FINDER we are publishing an article from the pen of Mr. W. A. Corey, of Los

Angeles, giving a little light on the sleeping "accommodations" afforded the average workman in this city.

Mr. Corey is a practical man who wants to know personally all about everything he allows his pen to discuss, which is right and proper. In the treatment of the social conditions of this country there is no occasion for misrepresenting anything. The best is bad enough, goodness knows.

We publish this article because it has more than a local application. Every large city in the world can furnish a repetition of not only the conditions which Mr. Corey here describes, but in thousands of instances, conditions which would transform the Los Angeles vermin holes into paradises in comparison.

These are the things which should appeal to the consciences of every thinking American citizen whose heart throbs in sympathy with the world's unfortunates and oppressed. These are some of the conditions which must be changed. These are some of the conditions which are *going* to be changed.

Let no one mistake the signs of the times.

The Realm of Wonder.

By HELEN WILMANS.

THE idealistic brain in man is the only part of him capable of gaining any conception of infinity. It is not possible for the brain, while operating on its present plane, to do this. Therefore, it is absurd for man to expect to enter into endless and unbroken progression until he can lift himself higher in intellectual perception than he now does. He must of necessity get above the boundary line of his present limitations before he can be free from the chaotic conditions which prevail on the lower plane where he now lives.

Unlimited time, space and power—these are infinity. The thought of infinity will not brook the idea of limitation in any sense. From the immortal germ within him, man by co-operation with the fact of infinity through his aspiration and intelligence, begins to grow into the gradually perfecting individual—that, in the ratio of his effort, becomes co-existent with this vastness. In him is the capability of actualizing all power.

All men who have ever thought outside of the bread-and-butter problem have momentary glimpses of existence which transcend the normal. These are not the mere phosphorescent glimmerings of an untrained imagination; they are the real beacon lights of mind, and would prove themselves true guides if one but dared to follow. They indicate a possibility of existence far transcending anything man has yet realized. They point to a mighty truth, still latent in evolution, whose meaning—when we have grown large enough to understand it—will fill us with a new consciousness of power so great as to lift us above all conception of our present limitations into the high dignity of full co-operation with its transcendent potency and splendor. Even the slight glimpses of which I have spoken, although existing but a moment, changes his entire outlook upon all life; places him where the horizon fades away, disclosing the eternal vistas.

Man is the passion and the purpose of that self-existent force we call God. All the thousand streams of life whose manifestations filled the world previous to man's coming were but the preparatory efforts that culminated in him. The feeblest worm that crawled on the earth was an abortive man. It died, but its aspirations for continued life contributed to the ultimate purpose. All the forces that by any possibility could exist yielded their vitality to the making of man's brain. Every effort, even through a mil-

lion miscarriages, demonstrates the irresistible push of the Life Principle toward the understanding of itself. The constantly increasing determination to know more has at last peopled the world with creatures capable of knowing. *And to know is to be.* And there is no other way in the universe by which man can exist and survive the onslaughts of ignorance except by the knowing. For knowing alone is being.

To know more is to be more. A gradually strengthening individuality has marked every new acquisition of knowledge that has ever come to man; and the stronger his individuality the greater is his capacity and his desire to know. If a man could by any possibility know all, he would be all; but the universe is limitless; and so is man's power to know. They are coeval; but they will never find an ending. What a stupendous promise of eternal life we find in this!

Man is even now as much of the world as he understands. He will be as much of the universe as he understands. Understanding leads man forth—past death and disease and every other form of ignorance—into infinity.

But here comes in the trouble. Man is the incarnation of power, as I have said a hundred times; but he does not know it. His intelligence, which has yielded him a thousand proofs of this fact, has failed to convince him of the still further wonders he is capable of. He makes certain achievements and his effort ceases; not because he is incapable of further effort, but because he is incapable of believing in his capability.

This is not doubt of himself; it is that his mind has not yet yielded him a suggestion of the power latent in him; and until it does so, there can be no doubt. Doubt is born of half-open belief. He only begins to doubt his power when he begins to believe in it. Doubt is a rather advanced stage of progress. It is thought. It is at least an awakening from the no-thought of a previous condition. Doubt is in the direct line of evolution from animalhood to reason. When it advances further it will lead to knowledge—which is power.

In a former article I spoke of man as the human plant. I wish to elaborate that idea. Have you noticed how some giant tree by its great proportions seems to dwarf—and does, dwarf—everything near it? Its unconscious self-assertion has put a compulsion on the earth for more food than the surrounding trees

have done; and its demands upon the air for such gases as nourish it have been stronger. Not only this, but something in its powerful construction renders it more open to the rays of the sun than the relatives grouped around it. And there it stands for hundreds—perhaps thousands—of years, still holding its own; still spreading its limbs to the light, drinking in more life and expressing it in greater beauty, while the neighboring trees have reached the limit of their power, and sunk back into the earth, where their crumbling bodies give strength to the soil that nourishes this huge representative of unconscious self-assertion. And when at last decay attacks it, it reaches the lower limbs first, each of which yields its substance to the demand of the topmost bud, which continues to grow and put forth effort until it has literally absorbed all the vitality from every lower limb, before it, too, yields to the doom of its kind, and dies for the lack of further nutriment.

This not only represents man, but the entire race. Life always fills the order of that which presses most faithfully and determinedly onward and upward. Growth is at the top. The top is expressed in positiveness, and more especially where the positiveness is of an intelligent character.

The positiveness exhibited by the tree of which I spoke is of the dumb, brutal character that marks the unintelligent or unconscious stage of growth. In man the same or even a greater degree of positiveness may exist, tempered and regulated by a sense of justice that refuses to absorb the gifts of life at the expense of others. That this high condition has not been reached as yet, except in rare instances, is evidenced by the fact that nearly all men in these times of money craze are attempting to get all they can, utterly regardless of the conditions their greed is creating among the masses. In fact, there is nothing that proves the low condition of the race today so much as our present business system. And it is an awful mistake; even for the man who succeeds in piling up wealth it is a mistake. Wealth is not really the object of happiness. Look at the shortness of life and the unsatisfactoriness of its conditions even at their best! How very much more sensible would be the search for that power yielded by an intelligent understanding of the law of growth in connection with the more lasting interests

of a human being. At this time not material wealth that is most to be desired, but the knowledge of how to get the ills of life that are pulling rapidly into the grave. This takes back to the assertion so often made that the proper work of man at present is to find out, by a study of himself, his relation to the Law of Growth, to gain the mastery over old age and death. Such knowledge is worth more than all the wealth in the world. And why am I eternally harping on this string? Because this is all that is worth harping on just now. I know no man has anything except what he conquers; and I know that he must necessarily conquer death before he becomes immortal on all the planes of being. We cannot have life until we earn it. This is the dictate of universal justice. Man is what he conquers. He does not conquer, that he is not. Our conquests build us. The strength of the conquered passes into the conqueror and becomes his strength. There is no other way to grow. When we are conquering we are conquered. When we are conquered we are dead.

I know how difficult it is to wake these lazy brains and start them thinking properly. We have concrete evidence of the fertility of the brain produce thought, but this thought is wild, unguided. It wanders aimlessly from the human brain, and so far we know it does no one any good. This is one thing, however, that it does deplete the human brain. Thought is substance; no matter how vaporous, unless its character, it is still substance generated by the brain, and the tendency of it in its undirected outflow is enfeebling. The most important thing in this time is to learn how to control the thought so as to apply it to the building up, the renewing of the body. I know that this can be done. I have wide experience in this matter, and have demonstrated repeatedly that *thoughts are things*, and that they can be sent as messengers of life, health and hope to persons clear across the continent, and perform the work faithfully that they were commissioned to perform. Thought not only does this for others, the healing of disease, but it can be turned downward into the body of the person who is doing the thinking, and be made to drive out all demoralizing power of the brain as a master ruler.

Concentration, which is productive of great results, such as restoring memory and brightening every faculty, is simply the turning downward into the body of the thought which had previously been made positive by affirmations of its power. This can be continued until the sluggish pulse has been quickened and the whole body throbs with new vitality.

Here are these truths—these wonderful, soul-saving, body-saving truths—ready and waiting for man's acceptance. They are adequate to save him; they can save him right here and right now; and he wants to be saved, but he cannot wake up to their importance. He has not enough positiveness to turn aside from the deeply worn paths of the ages into the road that is new and comparatively untrod. And so he drifts. It is so easy to drift! I cannot say anything more hopeless of any person than that he is drifting. O the helplessness of not being vital enough to steer one's own canoe! The mental weakness which leaves the oars untouched when all the time the falls are just ahead and the doom of death is the only absolutely certain thing in the future!

And in the face of this there is a world of half-awakened souls who play the little game of a narrow, foolish life by counting dollars, and who blindly accept the deluding promise of an unearned heaven after the waters have closed over them.

There are women, and men, too, in prisons awaiting their doom in the electric chair, counting the hours in excruciating agony; and our very sympathy is out to them in sympathy. But here are millions and millions

Bob's Bubble World.

By MARIE MADISON-BROTMAN.

For a whole week Bob had been coaxing his mother for a penny to buy a clay pipe, not that he wanted to smoke—oh, dear, no. He wanted a clay pipe with which to blow bubbles. I know what many little boys and girls will say—that his mother was either very poor or very stingy, if he had been coaxing for a whole week for a cent and had not been given one—but he had, in fact, been given many pennies.

"Then why did he not buy a pipe?" Because he was an obedient boy, and when his mother said, "Don't buy a pipe, Bob," he obeyed her without question.

Perhaps Mrs. Sutton was a little prejudiced against bubbles, for she declared Bob always got his clothes so wet and the porch so full of soap suds, and there was such a cleaning up after him.

But one day Bob fell ill—not very ill, but somehow he did not care to eat, or to go out with the other boys, or even to read the books Aunt Mary had brought him. He would have liked the books better had they had pretty pictures in them. In fact, he wanted something that would pass the time away without too much exertion on his part, for he felt always tired, and reading and thinking would only weary him more. He only wanted something pretty to look at that would not make him think too hard to understand it. His mother thought of a hundred things to please him, and at last remembered how he had wished for a bubble pipe. Without a word to Bob, she went out and bought one, also a cake of highly perfumed soap, thinking to give him the double pleasure of sight and smell.

Bob began to brighten up and smile as soon as he saw the pipe. His mother arranged a comfortable chair with covers and pillows in the shade on the back porch and left him contentedly blowing bubbles. From her kitchen window she could watch him as she made her pies. At first Bob was too tired to blow many bubbles. Now and then he would make a small one and watch it listlessly as it soared upward and outward, tossed fitfully by the light summer breeze, to burst suddenly or disappear behind the fence.

His interest was first awakened when his mother's pet hen tried to peck one as it flew down toward her. This made him laugh. If you can make a sick boy laugh, you can almost make him well. From that moment Bob took a great interest in his play and tried to make other bubbles fall in the path of the pretty hen, who strutted about, picking up pebbles, near the spot where he sat.

By and by Bob began to enjoy himself so much he forgot he was sick and finally left his cozy chair for a more convenient seat on the steps, where he had been accustomed to play.

He took real pleasure in his sport. The excitement made his heart beat faster and his blood flow quicker, till he felt quite strong again and made bubbles ever so much larger, trying to frighten the hen by throwing them in her way.

Finally he made a bubble so large he was afraid to breathe for fear it would burst in his face.

Is there anything more beautiful than a soap bubble as it changes its color to every shade in the rainbow, and objects reflect themselves in the shiny, transparent surface so strangely? As Bob looked into his bubble he saw such a funny face there. He knew it was his own, but how unlike himself! The bubble reflected Bob's likeness like some fat, ugly dwarf, and through it all he could see the white hen pecking at some flies in the grass.

Suddenly the bubble burst, and to Bob's surprise the white hen seemed to fly out of it and soar up until she was opposite his very eyes, and then, wonderful as it may have seemed, she changed into a beautiful fairy with white

feathery wings and clad in a robe of down, with three long white plumes fastened to her forehead with a great white star.

Bob was frightened, but the fairy smiled and, shaking her tiny finger at him warningly, said:

"You naughty boy, why did you tease me with your bubbles?"

"Please, pretty fairy," stammered Bob. "I thought you were a hen. If you will only forgive me I will try to be good to you after this."

"Very well," said the fairy. "I will forgive you if you will let me make a bubble."

"Certainly," cried the boy, eager to please her, stirring the water till the whole air seemed permeated with the delicious odor of the scented soap.

"Don't that smell lovely?" cried Bob, beginning to feel quite well acquainted with the fairy.

"Yes," answered the beautiful creature. "That is the odor of the flowers in my garden."

"Oh, no, it's the soap."

"No, wait, you shall see."

Bob gave her the pipe and she began to blow such a bubble it seemed as though she would never stop, or it would never burst. Larger and larger it grew till it seemed as big as the moon, and a thousand colors ran round and round each other and through each other, just as a bubble does before it bursts. Then Bob saw that it became a world and that the blue color was water, the yellow was sand, the green was fields, the red was fire and the fire seemed to be always trying to dry up the water, and the water to be trying to put out the fire; and green fields were always moving to get out of the way of those two destroying elements, and right on top of it, smiling and triumphant, stood the fairy.

"Come," she said, "come and see my world. This is fairyland where everything is beautiful and good."

Bob needed no second invitation. He leaped up beside her on the bubble world and then—how quickly they flew through space. He gazed awestricken on the earth that grew smaller and smaller as they passed further away. He could see the different colors of the earth's surface—the broad blue Atlantic as it rolled between the hemispheres, and could just catch a glimpse of the shores of Great Britain, Europe and Africa on the outer edge, but there lay the Western hemisphere, spread out before him like a glorious map, and Bob knelt down as he gazed upward to study it, for strange to say, while they were rising from the world they seemed to be dropping downward from it.

"Oh, what a glorious geography lesson," exclaimed Bob. "There's Manhattan Island as small as my finger nail and there are the Catskill Mountains and the Hudson River, it looks like a silver thread. There are the Great Lakes and there's Chicago, where I spent my last vacation. There are the prairies and the Rockies and there's California. Cricky, this is great."

The fairy seemed as interested as Bob and sitting down beside him, told him many things about the earth, which he knew to be true, for he had read them in his books at school, but oh, how much more interesting they were when she told them.

"If I had a fairy to teach me always it would be easy enough to learn," said Bob as he watched the world grow smaller and smaller, till it became a bright star above them and they were in the midst of the heavens, with thousands of worlds and suns spinning around them.

"Now," said the fairy, "you must look at my world, for it won't last long, you know, and we must get back to earth before it bursts."

"Oh, will it burst?"

"Yes, all bubbles burst. Now see this garden, is it not beautiful?"

Bob had been aware of the fragrant odor all along, but he thought it was of the soap from which the bubble was made. Looking about he saw that the whole green field where they were was full of the most beautiful blossoms. They were all transparent and of varying colors like the bubble. He saw that the red spot, which he thought was fire was a field of red flowers, which indeed looked like tongues of flame as they tossed too and fro in the breeze. Then there were fields and fields of plants that grew bubbles and as they ripened they blew away from the stem and floated about in the air. As he looked a troupe of funny little people came along with bubbles on the end of fairy wands and in each bubble was a tiny electric light.

Bob wondered where he had ever seen these funny little people before, for their faces were familiar. Then he saw they all seemed to be reflections of himself as he looked in the bubbles, all widened and distorted, like an elf or a brownie. Bob was in raptures until the little people uttered cries of warning and flew away, leaving him alone with the fairy.

Bob wondered what it all meant till suddenly he noticed the bubble world was undergoing a great change; the colors on its surface were growing agitated and Bob cried out:

"It's going to burst—it's going to burst!"

"Yes," said the fairy, smiling. "It's

going to burst, so I will leave you, bye."

"Don't leave me here," cried frightened boy. "I will be killed."

But the fairy's only answer "Good bye."

"Oh, I want to go home," cried bursting into tears.

"You teased me when you thought was only your mother's old white so I am going to punish you," replied the fairy, and with that she flew leaving the poor boy to his fate.

And what a dreadful fate it was! Thousands of miles away from home or star and on a world which was to burst.

Faster and faster the colors of bubble world ran round and round. Bob knew the end was coming. With cry of despair he covered his eyes with his hands and the bubble burst.

Of course he was only dreaming. How sad it is that fairy tales turn out to be dreams—but let me tell you in confidence, children, I am sure it was all a dream, for it had wonderful effect on Bob.

In the first place, he began to well at once. Then from that day on was almost always perfect in his geography and history lessons. He never taken much interest in them before, but now he loves them and they are his favorite studies and best of all, he is always kind and considerate to dumb animals and birds, especially his mother's old white hen.

The Evolution of God.

NUMBER 13.

In the course of our reading we have found that the American work, *The New International Encyclopaedia*, like the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, is an admirable and reliable library of reference; and our readers can be assured that it contains the most recent information on every subject with which it deals. Also, we have found the *Century* and *Standard* dictionaries indispensable to us, and that they contain the fullest explanations of all rare words used occasionally and of necessity in these articles. Too frequent use of these truly "wonderful works" could not be made by such of our readers as are desirous either of familiarizing themselves with the subject before us, or of mastering the English language, the most composite and effective tongue which the world has ever known. The volume of "Names" forming part of the *Century Dictionary* is a "mine of knowledge" for the thoughtful student, as to history, biography, etc.

From the first-named of the above works we now cull the following: "Ra, the name by which the sun-god was most generally known in ancient Egypt. According to the Egyptian myths, Ra appeared upon the surface of the primeval ocean, and, overcoming the powers of darkness, brought order out of chaos, and assumed the government of the world. He reigned for a long period, but finally grew old, the gods became unruly, and the great goddess Isis, who was versed in magical lore, took advantage of his failing strength to wrest from him by a stratagem his secret name, the source of his power."

At a glance the marvelous identity of the words just quoted in italics with the language of the Book of Genesis, chap. 1 (in our own Bible), can be recognized: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form (in a chaotic state) and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the waters; and God said, Let there be light, and there was light." From this identity of language it is both reasonable and proper to assume that the Egyptian and Hebrew myths concerning the creation had the same origin; but

who can tell whence they came, or they were first narrated?

In the same work it is further stated that, "In the course of time nearly every deity in the Egyptian pantheon (see January number, p. 10, col. 3) came to be identified with Ra. Amenophis IV., the Eighteenth Dynasty, endeavored to establish a species of monotheism based upon the worship of Ra, under the name of Aten, or the solar disk, as the universal source of life." With respect to this incident it is remarked by commentators that this is the only fact mentioned in Egyptian history which goes to show that the Egyptians had any idea of the oneness or monotheistic character of their deity; and it is equally remarkable that this attempt to establish a reformed religion or worship of one god died with its founder." We are therein reminded that "The Egyptian Pharaohs were believed to be the direct descendants of the god Ra; and from the time of the Fifth Dynasty the title of 'son of Ra' formed an essential part of the royal titulary." It was for this reason that, for a long period, divine honors and worship were rendered to these powerful monarchs by their ignorant and servile subjects.

From that American work, moreover, we learn that the name of Osiris is both Latin and Greek, and that it was derived from the Egyptian *Hesri*, *Ausar*, *Amsu*, which, again, are kindred to the Biblical names Ashur, Assyria, etc., and thus indicative of their original source. At first Osiris was "the local god of Abydos and Busiris," and he "early acquired a solar character, and was identified with the setting sun. He thus came to be regarded as the ruler of the realm of the dead, the mysterious regions below the western horizon." At that time the human race believed that the earth was an immense flat disk or plain, and that the sun revolved around it daily, passing on, possibly, to illumine the dread and unknown "underworld," which the Egyptians called Amentet. This belief prevailed anterior to all history, when prehistoric and primitive man was just emerging from animism—perhaps, also, from cannibalism, and was beginning to think and to rea-

Live Forever.

By J. NEWTON BUNCH.

I HAVE always thought Brother Conable's declaration that "MAN SHOULD BE TAUGHT HOW TO LIVE, NOT HOW TO DIE," was one of the most appropriate statements that ever appealed to human reason. Death has been pronounced upon the human race ever since Mother Eve reached forth her hand and partook of the fruit of the "Tree of Knowledge." The edict, "thou shalt surely die," went forth, and it has been upon the lips of all the prophets, teachers, seers and gods. Our mothers have taught us to never forget to repeat, "If I should die before I wake." It has even become a by-word that "death and taxes are sure." I am glad that these statements so universally taught and believed are now doubted as being absolutely true. I am glad that the light of *intelligence* is dawning upon the human race, and men who dare to think, have had the courage to even question Jehovah's right to pronounce such a universal decree of death upon mankind.

Now, while all that Helen Wilmans brings forth in that great volume, "The Conquest of Death," appeals to me, and that work of Conable's, entitled, "Factors in the Process of Human Development," is worth its weight in gold, and while there are numerous works setting forth splendid ideas in relation to race evolution, it seems to me that hardly enough is being said in relation to proper *bathing*.

Most everyone who has studied hygiene advocates bathing, but thousands of readers neglect the proper care of the skin simply because they do not understand its functions. Even those of us who are familiar with its structure and physiological office are apt to forget how important that most complex structure is in sustaining the normal equilibrium of our bodies. The skin serves three purposes—a protective covering, an organ of sensibility, and also an organ for the elimination of excrementitious atoms. In a man of average size the skin amounts to about twenty square feet, and ranges in thickness from one hundredth to one-eighth of an inch. From a hygienic standpoint, the last of its functions is the most important, and we wish to remind the readers of the PATH-FINDER of a few facts which may be of use in preventing and curing various skin affections.

In the space of one square inch there are something over 3,000 minute glands or little rivers commonly called "pores." These little rivers all run out, and carry off the little atoms or particles that are of no further use to the body. There are something over 10,000,000 of these little streams which secrete the sweat, so there can be little wonder at the statement that about two pounds of that fluid is thrown off by the skin on an average day. This sweat contains chiefly the organic atoms which have become of no service to the system, and by this route nature seeks to get rid of it entirely. Perspiration regulates, to a considerable degree, the temperature of the body, removes waste particles from the blood, and is so important in the animal economy that if it ceases, death inevitably results very quickly. With these few facts in mind, it behooves us to think the matter of care of the skin of great importance and well worth consideration.

Let the reader understand, that while the skin is throwing off the little particles that are of no further use to the body, at the enormous rate of two pounds per day, through the food we eat, the air we breathe and the water we drink, we are constantly renewing the supply as fast as nature demands, so as to replace or rebuild every portion of this wonderful structure called the human body. By this constant throwing off and taking on, our bodies are always new. The change is going on every moment, and it is an absolute falsehood that we are "growing old." Very few atoms in

your body are over 90 days old, and not one atom in your body is over twelve months old. Now, can't you see at a glance that if you keep these 10,000,000 little rivers that carry off the "old" atoms open, so that there be no obstructions, and supply the fountains with pure food and pure water and air, that you cannot help having a perfectly healthy and young body? But in order to attain perfect health and retain the same, you must never permit the outlets of these little rivers called "pores" to become in any way obstructed. Just as sure as you stop the flow of sweat by plastering, doping, oiling (without you remove the oil very soon after applying the same), or permitting any stoppage whatever of the outward flow, congestion is sure to follow and disease, culminating in death, is the natural result. With these facts before us, you cannot help seeing the importance of keeping the skin in perfect condition.

Without discussing at length the subject of bathing, we must place it as the best and foremost measure for the preservation of a healthy skin. A thorough hot bath, once or twice a week, is perhaps sufficient, if clothing is proper. A hot vapor bath is an excellent measure that would benefit all, but should not be taken more often than twice per month. Upon arising from your bed in the morning (every morning) take a cold or tepid sponge bath, rubbing the entire

surface of the body with a bath towel vigorously, so as to leave the surface perfectly clean and no obstructions in the mouths of the rivers. You will find this practice excellent, refreshing and invigorating.

Next of importance to bathing is the subject of the proper clothing that should be worn next to the skin in our everyday living. In this age of much-advertised linen and cotton meshes, hygienic underwear, etc., there are a myriad of good things to select from, and no doubt most of them are beneficial. One rule should ever be borne in mind, no matter what the advice of the "family physician," the advertisement, or the condition of the purse, i. e., it is unwise to place woolen garments next to the skin. This rule is for the one object of securing the absorption of the secretions of the skin, and should be invariably followed when the body is in normal health. Wool, being practically non-absorbent, causes the secretion to remain on the skin for reabsorption, or more or less effectually stops up the "pores," and thus prevents the elimination of the deleterious atoms. Cotton is the best substance to be placed against the skin, and outside of that, one may wear as much or as little wool as the comfort of the body demands or experience shows necessary.

If these suggestions are strictly adhered to, and taken in conjunction with proper eating, breathing, exercising and, above all, proper *thinking*, it will be an impossibility for you to be sick; and as soon as you eliminate sickness, you bid farewell to death, and can say, with Paul, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

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The Editor's Note Book.

The wienerwurst is by no means the worst feature of the meat expose.

The President appears to be quite a "muck-raker" himself. No use to give Tom Lawson and Upton Sinclair all the credit.

Have you read Sinclair's "Jungle"? Don't do it unless you want to turn over a new leaf in your dietary. The leaf lard page, presumably.

With all the rubber in the world in the hands of the Rockefellers, it will be little use for any of the rest of us poor mortals to even try to "rubber."

Too bad old Phil Armour was "sent out" before he had a chance to read Sinclair's "Jungle." But it is said that the old man is having a devil of a time of it as it is.

"Thou shalt not kill," heralded to the world over two thousand years ago, is the concentrated thought force which is today destroying the packing infamy. Let the good work go on.

So old Nelson Morris shed tears when he found out just what he was doing in his own packing morgue. Too bad. He should have Teddy Roosevelt arrested for indecent exposure.

A Pennsylvania minister has five sons who are all ministers, but who represent different denominations. He also has a daughter who is married to a minister. Pennsylvania has bred many of the world's curiosities.

Fashionable Los Angeles has now taken to roller skates. The society reporters are kept busy with the "skate

functions." But this does not signify that there has been a transfer of wheels—just the addition of another set at the other end.

And now the ranchman and farmer are being supplied with adulterated fertilizer. It would seem that the fertility of the manufacturer is the only thing that doesn't need fertilizing. And yet the moral sense of these people is certainly adulterated. There is adulteration everywhere—even in our very thoughts.

"Formerly appendicitis was wrapped in obscurity," says an alleged expert physician. But that was some time ago. Now, however, the doctor brings it out into the "limelight" of public scrutiny by the aid of his little dissector, and we all stand aghast in the presence of the wonders of modern-day scientific research. Wonderful! Wonderful!

The daily press has an every-day hand at the meat infamy, while we only get a monthly whack at it, so we trust our friends will excuse us if we say a few things on this particular occasion. You see, before many years there will be no such thing as a meat packing house, then we will be deprived of many little pleasures which we are now enjoying.

Ogden Armour is over in Europe. It is suspicioned that he went there to study the horse and dog industry in Germany. Sixty-five thousand horses and two thousand five hundred dogs were slaughtered for food in Germany the past year. Good record, and they say it is increasing. Nelson Morris would doubtless be over there, too, but

he is still shedding tears in sympathy for the victims of his carcass factory, and he is afraid his nose might look red.

Rockefeller says that President Harper was the only man who ever understood the innermost workings of his heart. Harper is dead. Too great was his understanding.

"Let the dead past bury its dead," is the wail of the Chicago butchers. But the people propose to do a little butchering on their own hook. They are afraid that Phil Armour is getting lonesome.

A New York restaurant keeper announces that "if a respectable woman wishes to smoke in his place of business he cannot stop her." And the question arises, Can a woman smoke and be respectable?

There is no such thing as pure meat. All meat is poisonous. In the absence of diseased conditions, the animal generates a poison through fright when led to the slaughter that is transmitted to whomever and whatever partakes of the same. This poison produces disease and diseased conditions in the human body. This is a scientific fact, known to every anatomical expert.

Between shaking hands with John Rockefeller and Ogden Armour, our European friends are having a mighty greasy and bloody time of it just now. But it is all right. There are quite a lot of people still lingering across the big water whom the Pope is not yet ready to ship over here. It is meet and proper that these be given an opportunity to know just how Chicago does smell.

The Game and Forest Commissioner of New York is enforcing the law covering the use by wholesale and retail milliners of birds' feathers. He is also after the importers. This action is certainly to be applauded. Of course we regret the enforcement of any act or law which is likely to interfere with the pleasures of the mothers and daughters of men, but in this instance we must be found on the side of the little feathered dears. Feathered fashion is monstrous. It must be outlawed.

The other day a couple of California people were poisoned from eating canned oyster stew. Think of any sane human being eating canned oyster stew! In the first place, oysters are sea scavengers. They feed upon dead bodies of every description. Their food is carrion. Now, imagine this stuff being put up in cans in the shape of oyster stew! And then, again—well, that's enough. Any human being who would put these decomposed carcasses, created out of other decomposed carcasses, into his stomach ought to be poisoned. It serves him right.

The stock growers are howling because they are being slaughtered over the heads of the packers. Let the stock grower who works in his tuberculous and cancer-jawed cattle and scrofulous swine in his carload lots to the great slaughter pens, climb up on the topmost rail of his fence and think a few thoughts. If the disease-infected animals were not shipped to the markets they would not be slaughtered. This is a case of complicity before the act, which makes each party to the transaction equally entitled to the privileges of the hangman's noose.

Mr. Lowe Steel, Esq., of Edinburgh,

Scotland, has our thanks for sending us seven brand new subscribers from his home city. My ancestors left Scotland about 1650 for the New World, so it is meet and proper that a distant descendant of this, the most practical and resourceful of all European "clans," should come into a little closer touch with the home folk of his kin. My father was named William Wallace, and I am justly proud that Wallace forms a distinctive factor in my own name. Now that the PATH-FINDER is to appear on the scene, I still have great hopes for the future of the Bonny Scot. But seriously, I appreciate this introduction much more than these crude types are capable of expressing.

Following in the wake of some of our distinguished contemporaneous writers of the day, it will be noticed that we are running a little picture of the editor in the frame enclosing "The Editor's Note Book." If those who know us personally should not immediately recognize a close family resemblance, it may be attributed to the fault of the artist. My own opinion is that the ghost of the old philosopher of the New York Sun, Charles A. Dana, stood in the background, and that the "kodak" missed me entirely and caught the larger head and the bigger pen. Dana took his big pen with him when he was summoned by the great Editor-in-Chief to appear in His sanctum for staff duty. At least it has never since been seen in the columns of the Sun.

And still the crime fiend is infesting nearly every street in Chicago. Some day Chicago will come to a full realization of the cause of all the crimes—or the greatest portion of them—which are giving her the name of being the wickedest city in America. With such a wave of enlightenment visited upon her, the packing house districts will have to evacuate. Do away with the packing house infamy, the brewery infamy, the distillery infamy and the tobacco infamy, and the morals of the world will change instantaneously. Crime will be unknown, and any woman or child may walk the streets of any great city at midnight, without escort, and no harm will come to them. But of all the breeders of murderous instincts and vicious habits, the packing houses stand at the head.

The velocity, not to say ferocity, with which the packers have been cleaning up, night and day, while the baron heads have been persistently denying the accuracy of the report of the President's committee, affords a most humorous phase of this distressing and infamous affair. The reports say that Ogden Armour got real mad the other day, and that his brother Charlie is fearful that there will be a great loss to the industries of the country through the "agitation." Let not these pickled sausage barons fear for the public. The people will manage to choke down any feelings of embarrassment that may be prematurely pushed up in their gullets. It is a sickening mess that should not be expected to stay on any one's stomach outside the meat trust.

What is this we hear? Chicago ministers advocating billiard playing and dancing! What are we coming to? As an excuse, they say these things have come to stay—billiards and dancing—and that it is incumbent upon the churches to provide such amusements in order to keep the young people away

from saloons and other fast resorts. This is something the writer advocated thirty years ago, but he was hooted at. Everyone who played billiards or danced was on the shortest and most direct route to hell. But we are still living, and we have witnessed a host of people who disagreed with us, travel hellward at a mighty rapid pace. Yes, dancing and billiards have come to stay, and now that they have, let us make these harmless "games" so entertaining that the youth will keep away from the "sporty sports" that are stumbling blocks in the highway leading to clean, pure lives.

The "Little Boss" and "me" went out into the country the other Sunday. The "Little Boss" wore her sandals. She likes to wiggle her toes right in the face of Mother Nature, you know, so I file no serious protest. If Mother Nature can stand it, why should I object? Both seem to enjoy it, and that is enough. Well, we were waiting in the big Sixth-street station for our car. The room was crowded with tourists, also waiting for various suburban trains. Suddenly a blondine-haired woman shot through the door into our presence. She stopped like a flash and fixed her eyes on those No. 2 tan-colored sandals. At the same moment the "Little Boss" caught a glimpse of the blondine hair. The exchange of pitying looks fairly staggered me. But I was not alarmed. I knew if it came to a show-down that the "Little Boss" could kick the whole painted head into the street. I am never afraid of anything when the "Little Boss" is in sight.

Our vegetarian friends are being held responsible for many "crimes" of the age. They are now charged with being responsible for the recent big advance in the price of leather. The less meat consumed, the less hides there are to tan. It is too expensive to breed and raise cattle merely for their hides. This is all right. The PATH-FINDER has a big record of converts away from the meat habit, and we expect to make a million more before we retire from business. When leather becomes too expensive, inventive genius will find something to take its place. The time is not far distant when a meat breath will be quite as offensive as either a tobacco or alcohol breath. But there is a moral and humane side to the proposition which figures quite as conspicuously as any other.

Now let there be a little investigation of the California fruit canning establishments. Those who have worked in these places tell us that they are only second to the meat trust's methods of handling their products. Be this as it may, no harm can arise in giving these people a chance to clean up and let the public know just what sort of preservatives are used. It is about time that sulphur and boric acids were dispensed with in the preparation of dried and canned fruits and vegetables. The time has come when we can no longer recommend anything put up in California; not even olives and olive oil. Even English walnuts and almonds are sulphured before placing them on the market. Beware of all bleached dried fruits and nuts. They are doctored. Demand the pure stuff. Accept no other. Help create a demand for pure, unadulterated foods. When there is no market for the poisoned stuff, perhaps the manufacturer and vender will begin to realize the mistakes they are making.

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as the union printers would like to see you. The millions of dollars spent monthly by Americans in Europe would pay the running expenses of any half dozen nations on earth, and seductive "Paree," the bewitchingly sinful—well, she picks more pockets than even the Pope. So when the world wants money it goes where the fools dump it in carload lots. Paris furnishes the dance houses; Americans pay the fiddlers; Russia and other nations borrow the profits.

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Eating is So Foolish!

I wonder people keep it up. They pay the cook, the butcher and the delicatessen man for making them sick; they pay the druggist and doctor for making them think they're getting well; they pay the great specialist for making them know they can't get well; then when they come to us Naturopaths, who alone could have cured them, all they have left is penitence, poverty and pessimism. Nice for us. Beautiful specimens of patchwork we get to devise a whole human out of. I'm not grumbling, only ruminating, because Naturopathy can cure anything; and the harder the case, the greater the triumph.

But I'm getting off my text. I started to tell you about the Science and Art of Fasting.

Fasting doesn't mean sackcloth and ashes. It doesn't mean even solemnity. It certainly doesn't mean the gruesome-looking skeletons you may have noticed in books on the subject. Shucks, who wants to get like that? Fasting is fun—a lot more fun than eating. If you do it because you should, you want to, and you know how. Fasting is the quickest, surest, cheapest, easiest, best way to health, power, beauty, wisdom, courage, poise, opulence, happiness. If you have read the one book in the world that explains the why and how of Fasting, in its mental, physic and spiritual aspect.

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Published the First of Each Month at
211 NEW HIGH ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.
By THE CONABLE PUB. CO.

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Subscription.....25 cents
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Single Copies.....5 cents
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We have been a little negligent in thanking our old friend, Senator J. A. C. Blackburn, of Rogers, Ark., for a nice batch of new subscriptions to this magazine, but we appreciate it just the same. The Senator says that he always finds something of interest and profit in the PATH-FINDER, and he wants his friends to enjoy the same blessing. I have the warmest place in my heart for the people of Rogers and the whole of Benton county. Some day I am going to again drink from the cooling springs of the Ozarks and gaze upon the magnificent scenery of this most beautiful spot on God's green earth. I trust that the Senator and all the other good people of Rogers (and they are legion) will continue to prosper and live until the PATH-FINDER is a hundred years old. I want to take Call Starke by the hand again, and "Uncle Sammy" Burke and his good and most hospitable wife, and all the newspaper men, and the Postmaster, and a hundred more whose names are indelibly recorded in my memory. My trip to, and stay in, Arkansas was one of the most pleasurable incidents of my life.

The average wage of a Pennsylvania coal miner is 75 cents per day, according to the official figures, and the recent strike controversy has knocked this poor devil out of two months' pay. Between Mitchell and the mine owners, the producer seems to have a mighty poor show to buy a clean towel with which to wipe the smut from his eyes. But it is the "smut" in the eyes of a whole lot of peo-

ple that makes it possible for the millionaires to pay the 75-cent wage. The wage-worker is the man who makes it possible for great corporations to bribe other great corporations to assist in squeezing the life out of the wage-worker. This is what you call the "double-cross" on the man who is responsible for building the gallows with which to hang himself. Workingmen are making millionaires every day of their lives, but they are doing it to the wrong fellows. What is the remedy? The great American ballot—united upon the one great principle—a graduated income tax which makes it impossible for any man to ever become a millionaire. And there are other things which the workingman should stand for, which may be enumerated from time to time in these columns.

All — and William R. Hearst cannot check the Democratic tidal wave that is back of William Jennings Bryan. Is it because William Jennings has been out of the country and has been keeping still that this sudden refulgence of Bourbon skylight has focused on Nebraska's favorite son? May be. Anyway, Bryan is unquestionably the "logical," as the "great" politicians say, though just what they mean by the term no one has ever been able to find out. But it is a mighty rare thing that the "logical" party candidate ever sits in the Presidential chair. Since the demise of the silver fallacy, Bryan has been saying a good many things that the public at large can endorse. He is a bigger and a safer man at this stage of his growth than ever before. He is getting to be too big for his party, it is feared. But if William Jennings Bryan really wants to be President of the United States, let him say a few more kindly things concerning the Socialist party. The man who can unite the Socialists, the laborites, the thinking Democrats and honest Republicans into one great voting unit, can slide into Teddy's seat all the same as though it were greased for the occasion, and the lubricant need not necessarily be Standard Oil either.

A great deal is being said in the newspapers concerning the advent of the former Governor of Arkansas, Jeff Davis, in the United States Senate. In all Arkansas elections all candidates are first voted upon by the people. That is to say, there are primary elections throughout the State, at which candidates for the various offices are chosen, including that of United States Senator. As Arkansas practically has but one political party, it goes without saying that whomever the Democrats endorse at these primaries is sure to be elected. The State Legislature simply affirms the choice of the people at the primaries. This is a good way. Anyway, if there is any buying of votes by the various candidates for any one political office, the people get the benefit of it. There is no bribing of members of the Legislature in the interest of any candidate. We believe this is a good plan. At any rate, the individual voter has had a voice in saying who shall go to the United States Senate. Now, if Jeff Davis suits the people of Arkansas, whose business is it? Davis is the Senator the people of the State have chosen and if he wants to chew tobacco and spit the life out of himself, whose business is it but his own? He will attract his own reward, good or bad, at the proper stage of his development. The only thing is, he has no right to make himself offensive to others by personal habits that are obnoxious to other people. If he does this, then there is room for censure and public criticism. Arkansas has the right to make her own choice in this matter. Davis, like many another crude politician who has gone to Washington, will soon smoothe up. He will want to command the respect of his fellow-members. He must do this in order to get a hearing. Davis is no fool if he does chew tobacco and spit over the heads of his Arkansas constituency. His people like it, and that is their business. Just so he does not submerge the skirts of the Goddess of Liberty there will be no serious protest.

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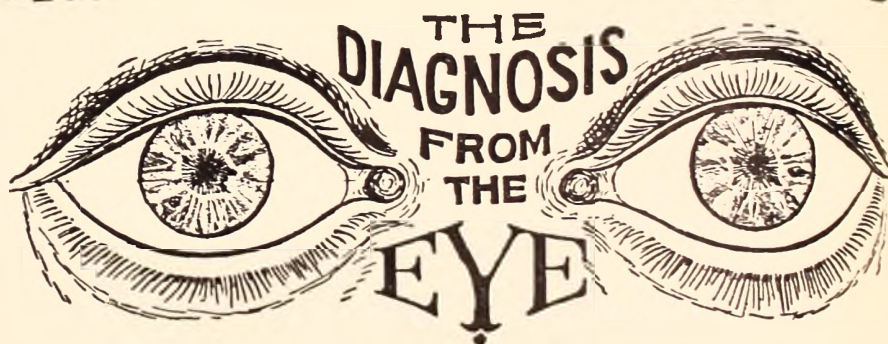
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